

Dear Charlie (Charlene),
Aunt Patti, here, happily writing you at Camp YJW ... with cozy memories of my camp days where I was always accompanied by my twin sister, Penny. Oh, yes, and we even had our little brother with us a time or two. My little brother Mike (Da to you) was very young and instead of staying at one of the camp cabins, stayed with the camp nurse! I have memories of the camp nurse being worried about little Mike who it seemed was having night mares now and again. Penny and I dearly loved our little brother, Mike (Da to you) and were very worried so wrote to our mother about our concern. Howsoever, with blurred memories over these many years (at least sixty-five!!!!) I know that Little Mike rebounded and became the happy, strong man you know today. I would be most interested in all of the "Go and Do" fun choices you have at your camp to do with your friends. And are there "friends from home" as well as new friends to make?

If I may bring up another worrisome memory that I still have scars (literally) from today, I shall do so, simply as an Aunt-like warning. Because I was a competitive swimmer in those days, I was allowed to dive into Lake Michigan from the floating pier where the older life guards watched. Lo and behold, my dramatic dive was so, well, "dramatic" that head first, I plowed into a huge log that sat on the bottom of the lake where the pier happened to be. As memory allows, I, though quite woozy, floated to the lake's top and lay on my back trying to right myself and tread water. I saw my favorite camp life guard standing on the wooden pier and (in my teen-thinking) decided to send her a mental "HELP" since I was aware that I could not speak. I so remember turning my eyes to her and pushing, pushing, pushing those thoughts through my eyes. Well, something worked because Gina (I'm not sure of her name) walked over to the side of the pier and actually shouted out with, "Patti, are you all right?" (to be continued-Uncle Dick calls!) pb
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